

*March 1-7, 1913*

# LINCOLN



**February 1913**

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477 Twelfth Street, Milwaukee

# LINCOLN

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VOLUME I.

Milwaukee, Wis., February, 1913

No. 1

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## The Lincoln

The name of one of the greatest characters, the world has ever produced, Abraham Lincoln, is regarded with dignity and reverence by all mankind. "With Justice to All, and Malice Toward None," represents his idea in life. His ideals stand unchallenged, his patience and justice unsurpassed. His purpose in life and his democratic spirit have made a great impression upon the young people coming to the Abraham Lincoln House.

These teachings and this spirit have made their influence felt to such an extent that it has found an expression in the publication of "The Lincoln." The principles and ideas of Abraham Lincoln are expressed in the policy of "The Lincoln." A steadiness of purpose, this determination to set its standards high; all with the liberal view of serving the people and carrying forward the best principles of its inspiration, "immortal Abe."

# The Story of the Abraham Lincoln House

By MRS. SIMON KANDER

Just one year ago, to-day, on the birthday of our beloved country's great president, The Abraham Lincoln House, opened wide its doors and made its first bow to the general public.

And again, on the anniversary of this day, the young people of our house, are distributing the first issue of "The Lincoln." So much interest has been manifested, of late, in the origin and growth of our work, that at the request of "The Staff," I present the following "Story" of the Abraham Lincoln House.

To begin with, the Abraham Lincoln House did not spring up in a night, and the "Story" is a long one, so with your kind indulgence, I will in this issue confine myself only to the early history of this "Social Settlement." Our story dates back some 20 years ago, in 1893, when business all over the country was at a standstill and many people were thrown out of employment.

A large group of Russian Jewish emigrants had just landed in our city and sought refuge in our midst. They had been driven from their native land, were robbed of nearly all their worldly belongings and were thus persecuted because they would not forsake the faith of their father's. And here they were, merchant, manufacturer and artisan, with their families, amid strangers in a strange land, entirely out of plumb with conditions in this country and unable to understand or speak our language.

Public spirited citizens were doing all in their power to tide over this period of distress.

Some of the older people, with large families, often became disheartened, but the field was ripe with heroes and heroines, who were making desperate efforts to again, gain their foothold.— And in spite of the numerous handicaps and the privations in a comparatively short time, many of the families became independent. They were full of hope for the future, and were ambitious, not for themselves—but for their children. Education they valued above all else, and any suggestion and all help along these lines were eagerly grasped. The writer came in close touch with the home life of many of the families, and with surrounding conditions and came to the conclusion, that more than food, shelter and raiment was necessary to bring out the best that was in their promising, healthy, normal children, and not so much cold charity, but more personal service.

In due time, these views, together with a small private fund, were offered to a West Side study circle of Council of Jewish women. Their co-operation was asked and given with enthusiasm. Committees were appointed and after a few preliminary meetings, in March, 1896, we had a full fledged social center in operation in the vestry rooms of Temple Bne-Jeshurun, patterned after the Boys' Busv Life club, with headquarters in Plymouth Church vestry rooms.

We planned to entertain the children, at first, and were provided with all kinds of games, incidentally expecting to teach the gospel of cleanliness and order, trusting to time and experience for further developments.



But while the children were eager and happy to come to our weekly gatherings, *playing games* did not appeal to them.

They wanted to do something and before we were many weeks in existence, we had almost 100 little boys and girls busy at work, sewing, crocheting, embroidering, making paper flowers, painting and doing jack-knife work.

We had a social session at the close of each meeting, when we all sang and the children "spoke pieces," and "declaimed" in a real dramatical style. At special times we held entertainments and invited the parents—when solos, duets, and "Dialogues" were on the programme, and cake-walks, clog-dancing and jigging were rendered by request. We called our club, the "Keep clean mission," but by the end of our first year, we were such a dignified organization that we changed our name to "The Milwaukee Jewish Mission." It was hard to say who were the most devoted to mission, the leaders or the children, or which was the most benefited. The eagerness of the pupils to learn and the earnestness with which they applied themselves to the work inspired the teachers with enthusiasm to increase their past efforts.

In March, 1897, Mrs. S. Hammerschlag and Mrs. Wm. Baum visited the Chicago Training school, and negotiations were opened to have Miss Louise Heller, head of the Sewing Department of that institution come to Milwaukee and give our ladies a Normal Course in Sewing and Drafting.

September found us at Emmanuel Guild Hall with a fine corps of teachers and about 100 little girls from 7 to 14 years of age, deeply interested in trying to master our newly acquired system of sewing.

Much interest was manifested in this work and requests came to us from churches all over the city and from Public School principals and teachers to help them establish similar work.

In the spring of 1899, the undersigned instructed the teachers and afterwards helped organized classes in sewing in the 8th District Primary School, Miss Anna Doerfler, principal, and later in the 10th District School, Miss Emma Luebke, principal.

Our expenses for the first year were less than \$75; and having demonstrated the possibilities of our work, we found no difficulty in getting the necessary funds for its continuance and development.

The late Judge James M. Pereles and Thomas J. Pereles headed a subscription list and each promised to give us \$25 yearly, asking us to hold our meetings on March 27th, the birthday of their deceased sister; Mr. M. J. Lewald, Mrs. Elias Friend, Mr. L. H. Heller, and Mr. Ben. Painter followed suit and constituted our first annual subscribers.

The officers at this time were Mrs. Simon Kander, President; Mrs. S. Hammerschlag, Vice-President; Mrs. Sol. Karger, Secretary; and Miss Hattie Silber, Treasurer. The charter members were Mrs. S. Patek, Mrs. Kaufman Baer, Mrs. Wm. Baum, Mrs. S. R. Levy, Mrs. Paulina Katz, Mrs. A. Meiser, Mrs. Wm. Harris, Mrs. Louis Heller, Mrs. Victor Caro, Mrs. L. Teweles, and the Misses Jennie Mahler, Bell Baer, Fannie Herbst, Regina Kaufer, Julia Kaufer, Rose Kahn, Rose Birkenwald, Helen Apple, and Irma Hauser.

According to our constitution we were to provide instruction in industrial pursuits and to employ such other educational methods as would aid in bettering the home conditions of our people. And true to our principles, the very next thing we did, when our funds were assured, was to fit out a "Kosher" kitchen. Then with 18 pupils enrolled and an experienced Domestic Science teacher in charge, in the basement rooms of Emanuel Guild Hall Thursdays, after school hours, we established our first cooking class.

A single visit to our "Kitchen" convinced the most conservative of the practical value of these housekeeping lessons, the careful preparation and the actual cooking of food, setting the table and serving the meals properly, washing dishes and cleaning up afterwards—were taught in so interesting a manner that the child could not help but cultivate and acquire a love and respect for household arts.

We instructed our teachers as to the orthodox dietary laws, which had to be observed; that in her recipes and her lessons she was never to mix *milk* or its products and *meat*, or to serve both at the same meal.

But somehow mistakes would happen, but no serious complications arose. One day, one of our pupils, who was acting as housekeeper, rushed out of the pantry, where she was setting things to rights, and with horror written all over her face exclaimed, "A Fleischdige knife is in the Milchdik box." Immediately all was in confusion, and not until one of the little girls suggested a remedy—burying the offending knife in the ground and allowing it to remain there for three days, did the excitement subside.

We discussed these dietary and sanitary laws quite freely with the children and admired them for respecting the wishes of their parents in adhering so strictly to them.

And while the children were always happy, when doing something, somehow, the majority of them did not take kindly to our American style of cooking.

The parents of one of our little cooks visited the class one afternoon, when we had a lesson on steamed and broiled fish. Everything turned out beautifully, the fish was perfectly cooked and seasoned, and temptingly garnished with lemon slices and fresh parsley, and as

was our custom the guests were served first. The writer was standing near the guests and while the father was eating a fine portion of the broiled fish, the teacher proudly asked him if he did not think the fish delicious. He promptly and politely said, "Yes, Sure!" But aside in an undertone to his wife he said: "Rose, die gefillte fish gefalt mir fiel besser." (Rose, your filled fish suits me much better).

Similar incidents soon convinced us that we would have to bestir ourselves, and try to find more home recipes, along the line of dishes their "Mother used to make." And so on Fridays when the women of the house, rich and poor, were sure to be at home cooking and baking, and getting things ready for the Holy Sabbath, the writer with pencil and note-book in hand, wended her way, a few squares to the Northwest of the down-town business center, where so many interesting people, reminders of our Oriental ancestors, dwelt, and where, wandering through the busy streets, into all sorts of shops and homes, often rambling through dirty alleys, climbing rickety stairs and descending into dark, damp basements, she saw and learned her most valuable lessons in household economics from mothers with large families and meager purses.

And so before the opening of the next semester, a course of lessons was outlined, that fitted more nearly the tastes and needs of our people.

And thus, step by step we advanced in our efforts to "Make home beautiful, make home pleasant."

And while at this time we were concentrating our energies to Manual Training for girls—"The Sisterhood of Personal Service," was conducting a night school for adults and immigrants. And that is another "STORY."

(To be continued)

*Wm. L. S.*

# The Lincoln



**March 1913**

**Price 10c**

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477 Twelfth Street, Milwaukee



# The Story of the Abraham Lincoln House

Part Second.

By MRS. SIMON KANDER.

And so five years in the life of our work had passed into oblivion, and the little infant, the "Keep Clean Mission" so lovingly reared, by a handful of earnest women, in the vestry rooms of B'ne Jeshurum Temple after one year's hard struggle for existence, developed into the Milwaukee Jewish Mission, with headquarters at Emanuel Guild Hall.

And here, in the next four years, plodding and striving she was marching slowly but surely onward, and young, happy and strong was ready to be sent out into the world to assume new duties and responsibilities.

And so on March 27, 1900, full of hope and ambition for her future usefulness, she was wedded to the "*Night School*" and her name was changed to "*The Settlement*."

The union proved a happy one, and as was the custom in Israel, kind friends and relatives came to their assistance, rented and furnished a pleasant "Settlement" home for them in the midst of a densely populated Jewish neighborhood at 507 Fifth Street.

Stipulating, that as good citizens, the settlement must "keep open house," for the neighbors; and, as an example, keep their own place in apple-pie order and stand ready at all times to do everything in their power to improve the moral and sanitary conditions of the neighborhood, which, for some reason or another, the city, the school or the church, was not doing.

The following were the first officers of The Settlement:

President.....Mrs. Simon Kander  
1st Vice-P...Mrs. Sam Hammerschlag  
2d Vice-P.....Mrs. Elias Friend

Secretary....Mrs. Frank Thanhauser  
Treasurer.....Mrs. Edward Fischer  
Auditor.....Mrs. J. M. Pereles

## DIRECTORS:

Mrs. Joseph Friedberg  
Mrs. George Pick  
Mrs. Henry Schoenfeld  
Mrs. William Baum  
Mrs. S. R. Levy  
Miss Addie Wolf  
Miss Jennie Mahler  
Miss Edith Rich  
Rabbi Julius H. Meyer

But before going on with the new order of things and while our earlier experiences in gathering the necessary recipes for our "Kosher" cooking classes, are still fresh in our minds, let us tell you, how, from this simple beginning, a most important factor in the history of the Abraham Lincoln House, grew; namely "The Settlement Cook Book or The Way to a Man's Heart." But maybe you know nothing of our wonderful "Settlement" Cook Book? How, with the proceeds from the sale of two editions, we bought the lot on which the Abraham Lincoln House stands? That this year's reserve fund is pledged to pay one-fourth of the running expenses of our house. Our latest, the sixth edition has just made its appearance and is selling as fast as it can be gotten from the press, to people from all stations of life, all over the country and without solicitation, except as one person that owns one recommends it to her neighbors or friends. You want to know how it all came about?

You often hear of people having a "fad" for collecting old coins, stamps, jewels, ivories, china and the like. Well,

in our enthusiasm for our work and quite unconsciously we acquired the "habit," but ours was a "*collection of recipes*."

Our friends knew we "had it" and from all quarters we received valuable recipes that had been handed down from mother to daughter; that had been treasured in old family cook books; that had been purchased from cooks and chefs in well known clubhouses and hotels at home and abroad, and before we were fully aware of it we had accumulated a large number of valuable recipes.

We had heard and read that "Kosher" cooking was taught in several of the Eastern Homes for Jewish working girls, and wrote to these Homes and to various other institutions that we thought might be conducting these classes and discovered that no literature or guide to systematic instruction in Kosher cooking, was to be had and so we were obliged to work over our "recipe collection" as best we could, take as our guide, the lesson slips used in the cooking classes of the Milwaukee Public Schools.

But our pupils could come to us only after their regular school hours, and we soon found they were wasting too much of their valuable time, in copying recipes from the black-board.

Then we got some of our friends to typewrite our lessons for us and realizing that we were imposing on their good nature, we finally decided to go to a printer to see if we could possibly afford to have them printed.

The lowest bid on the job was \$18.00.—Well, we knew we would not dare to take that much out of our treasury, for this purpose. But we were bound to have it printed.

And *then* the idea came—What if we should take these lesson slips as a foundation and add to them the rest of our "collection," and get out a book? Have advertising cover the expense of printing? We might be able to sell a number of them to kindred institutions and be that much ahead! We reported

our *scheme* to our Board of Directors and, such is life, they were not half so enthusiastic on the subject as we were!

They considered it a business venture, that they had no right to enter—they did not object to the "idea" if, as individuals we would assume all responsibilities and obligations. However, they would be most happy to accept any revenue derived therefrom. Well, we went out and got more than enough advertising pledged to cover the cost of printing, and on April 30, 1901,, the first edition of the "*Settlement Cook Book or the Way to a Man's Heart*," appeared. There were 1,000 copies. The book contained 500 recipes covering 174 pages and was divided into two parts—simple and more elaborate recipes. We thought we had enough books on hand to answer our purpose, and for years.

One of the down-town department stores kindly placed them on sale at 50 cents per copy. A friend of one of our members gave twenty copies as favors to her twenty guests at a coffee party given at her home in Chicago. That set the ball a rolling. In less than a year, all books on sale were disposed of, over half of them going to Chicago people. We received scores of letters and inquiries for our book long after this, and again on September 10, 1903, we got out the second edition, 1,500 books this time, thinking that would be the end and hoping that we might sell them all. And we certainly did!

But business people always have their troubles and we had ours. Our friends made frequent demands on our time—discussing and inquiring about certain recipes. Mistakes were pointed out, but we were as grateful for the criticisms offered as for their words of appreciation. Many amusing incidents occurred.

One day we received a letter from a lady in Chicago, who *had* to have a Matzos Sponge Cake for Pesach. She had just paid fifty cents for our cook book and discovered there was no such cake in the book, and as the Easter Holidays were fast approaching—de-

manded—the recipe by return mail. We got busy, and delivered the goods! Frequent requests of this kind, showed what the public wanted, and recipes for Matzos kloese, puddings, torten and all sorts of Pesachdicher dishes were sought and found. But the crying need of a textbook for Kosher cooking did not materialize. Maybe we did not advertise our wares sufficiently. Be that as it may, in all this time, we received only two “orders” from kindred societies. Each asked us to donate the books.

Several years passed by, and the demand for more books became so urgent that in 1907 we got up a “real” cook book, with three times as many recipes as the original one and containing 491 pages. We took courage and ordered 5,000 books this time and raised the price to one dollar. The Domestic Science teachers of the Milwaukee Public Schools and the normal students of that department of the Milwaukee Downer College, doing practice work at the Settlement, added valuable stores of tried recipes to our collection. Miss Ora Blachar, head of the Public School Cooking teachers and now principal of the Girls’ Trade School, was always on the outlook for “new things.”

We derived much pleasure and benefit from the work ourselves, and with every new book went over every chapter carefully, and trying the recipes at home every day on the “family.”

They seemed to thrive on it all right and never murmured until, when we were preparing for our 4th edition and got to the Pancake Chapter. We had had several calls for a good recipe for German Pancakes and had the rare

privilege of observing one made in the kitchen of the Deutcher Club. It was considerable of a trick to reproduce that pancake. Real “cooks” are so quick and have such good “eye measure”! We went home with a firm determination to master this masterpiece of culinary art, but it lingered too long in the daily menus, and, clear, firm and concise orders came from headquarters—“to cut that German pancake out of our bill of fare—for at least a week and practice it on *some one else!*”

We can’t begin to tell you of the beautiful luncheons “the Book Committee” ladies had at their various homes, trying out the new and more elaborate dishes.

Mrs. Henry Schoenfeld and Mrs. Kander were the original compilers of the book. Later, Mrs. Isaac D. Adler and Mrs. Nathan Hamburger, (now Mrs. Harry Behal) were pressed into service.

Mrs. Jas. M. Pereles is now “general manager” and is taking the place of Mrs. Hamburger Behal, and is making things hum.

Our latest, the sixth edition, is again enlarged and revised and this time we are turning out 10,000 books. We have formed a corporation, without capital stock—call ourselves the Trustees of the Settlement Cook Book Fund and are pledged to give our profits forever to the Settlement now so beautifully housed in The Abraham Lincoln House. Rather a prosy subject for a live magazine like the Lincoln—but it is the true story of the “Settlement Cook Book and How it Grew.”

(To be continued)

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Who Furnished the Brick? — Ricketson & Schwarz





*March 1862*

# The Lincoln



**April 1913**

**Price 10c**



Abraham Lincoln House

# The Story of the Abraham Lincoln House

(Part Third.)

MRS. SIMON KANDER.

Perhaps no one link in the chain of events has had more bearing on the story of the Abraham Lincoln House, than an incident that occurred a long time ago, that aroused us to action. It was at a meeting of an organization interested in public school matters. A report was read, coming from one of the principals, stating that the children in the emigrant Russian Jewish districts, were coming into the public schools thick and fast and because of their disregard for their personal cleanliness, were rapidly driving out the "well to do" so called "better classes."

We visited the school in question and found the principal most cordial. He was fond of his old pupils and indeed very sorry to lose them; besides, their parents were ever ready to do much for his school. He could find no other fault with our children, they were well behaved, intelligent and extremely interesting, and so earnest and studious, that, in fact, they were rapidly raising the standard of his school. He blamed the parents for this neglect but was unable to reach them because he did not understand their language. We told him of the many difficulties these emigrant parents had to overcome in readjusting themselves to their new conditions—what little time many of the mothers really had to devote to their households and to their children, much as they loved them; that they were obliged to be away from home the greater part of the day, to help their husbands earn enough money to supply the urgent wants of their large growing families. We told of the high rents they were obliged to pay and how difficult it was for them to procure desirable dwellings. How three or more families were liv-

ing in houses that were built to accommodate but one family. How these were tumbledown old residences, that never boasted of a bath tub, and were entirely unsuited and lacking in privacy for so many different tenants. And so we discussed the various phases of the problem and when we were ready to depart, he thanked us for our interest and was very glad to get our point of view. We promised him our hearty co-operation and after canvassing the situation as well as we could we soon realized that our city afforded very inadequate bathing facilities.

The public natatorium on Prairie near Seventh street was open to women, only two days in the week; the large swimming tank did not appeal to them. True, there were nine bath tubs available but the need for these tubs was so great, that the women were often obliged to stand in line three or more hours to await their turn at the baths. Then, there was a semi-public bath-house, where 35 cents was charged for the privilege of a bath. The water in the tank looked stagnant, the walls were grimy and almost black with flyspecks, and the ceiling was so overhung with long, sweeping cobwebs swaying back and forth, that they resembled passing clouds. How this establishment ever kept its patronage and how the authorities could overlook such an unsanitary place is still beyond our powers of comprehension.

We kept in close touch with our children, and at stated times, took groups of girls, from the sewing and cooking classes, with us, for a dip at the natatorium. And when occasionally an overburdened mother was unable to attend to her children properly, we called on her per-



sonally to advise with her, or sent a practical nurse to her home, to give a helping hand. And since the city for some reason or other was unable to acquire additional space to enlarge the natatorium, and the crying need of the neighborhood was for more baths, "The Settlement," when it took possession of its first home at 507 Fifth street, decided to install baths for the women and children.

With the hope that all might avail themselves of this opportunity and yet feel free and independent, we decided to charge three cents a bath for grown folks and one penny each for children—just enough to cover expenses—bathers to bring their own soap and towels. The baths were to be open every day of the week, excepting Saturdays, Friday evenings, and Sunday afternoons.

And as our motto was "slow but sure," just as soon as our neighbors taxed the capacity of our one tub, and our hot water supply was inadequate, we added another tub and put in a larger heater and boiler.

And again we could not begin to accommodate all the people that were anxious to patronize our baths. In seven and one-half months, when we figured up, 1,957 bathers had registered, 1,242 women and 715 children. The income derived was \$46.18. The next year we took in \$96.67, 4,238 people having bathed, of which 2,791 were women and 1,447 children. They were so appreciative of this privilege that often they offered us five and ten cents for a bath, only begging us to increase our capacity.

Fortunately, there was what was once a fine large residence, a few doors south of us. We had had our eye on this place from the start, but the terms were too high, \$50 per month for rent, we to pay for the remodeling of the building ourselves, and, besides all this, to take a ten-years' lease. We were paying \$30 where we then were. There was a brewery next to this large residence. The owner of this brewery had his eye on this place also. He

bought it and supplied the house with heat and hot water from the oversupply of steam from his brewery. And when we saw how our people were clamoring for more baths and there was no other way out of it, we made arrangements with the owner to rent this house, at 499 Fifth street, from October 1903, for \$65 per month, he to remodel the house to suit our purpose—and be ready to give us an unlimited supply of hot water for our baths, at a reasonable rate, according to the amount used.

We fitted up four bathrooms on the upper floor for women and children, and after repeated requests, installed four tubs in the basement, for the men and boys. And, as can well be imagined, we did a thriving business, 11,829 men, women and children having bathed during the year, paying us \$272.82 for the privilege. The next year, the income therefrom being \$541.41. The highest point was reached in 1906, when 24,499 baths were taken, the receipts amounting to \$620.92.

We did our utmost to keep our baths in good sanitary condition, but our house was never built for this purpose; neither did we expect to do such a rushing business. The men's baths were in the basement where the rooms were low, and when filled with the steam that arose from the constant use of the baths, the air became heavy and it was almost impossible to keep the atmosphere clear and have the proper ventilation.

The story of our baths would be incomplete without a word about the many little tricks the bathers played on each other, and on us, during the rush hours. How the older men often tried to get in ahead of their turn, and, in their scramble to take possession of an unoccupied bath, would unceremoniously grab the younger boys, while they were in the midst of a bath, hoist them out of the water and the room, and throw their clothes out after them. How the little children would run in from school, ask permission to see their mother, who was upstairs bathing, and



on the pretense of delivering an important message, stayed upstairs suspiciously long, and invariably came down with hair dripping wet and smoothly combed, but otherwise looking sweet and clean.

Some six years ago, while sojourning in Madison, we attended the Sunday evening services at one of the churches, where a well-known woman talked on "Settlements I have visited at home and abroad." She was nearing the end of her interesting discourse, when she remarked that one of the busiest and most interesting settlements she had ever visited was in Milwaukee, in the Jewish district. It was Friday afternoon, and the men, women and children were hurrying in and out of the baths in preparation for the approaching Sabbath. She had traveled over many countries and was under the impression that the amber fluid commonly known as *beer*, was what made Milwaukee famous. But she was wiser now, for here, right under the nose of this settlement, was a towering smoking *brewery*, doing missionary work—supplying the Settlement with clean, pure, unadulterated hot *WATER*.

The banner days at the baths, were the days before the Jewish holidays. The day that broke all previous records was in the year 1904, on Erov Rosh Hashonah (day preceding Jewish New Year), when from sunrise to sunset 342 people took their baths at the Settlement.

The scenes that these living, moving pictures presented, in the waiting room of the old settlement house, at such times, were indeed picturesque and inspiring. It took you back to Oriental times and climes and brought you in touch with men and women who had sacrificed their all for their religion: The long-bearded and devout old men and the dear bewigged old ladies, who, although "at home" in the land of their adoption, still lived with memories "sad and sweet" in the homes they left behind them. And while we were most happy to meet and have short chats with our neighbors on these occasions, we felt that,

for our mutual good, something more than the "wahnas" (bath tubs) should be the attraction. The Settlement baths, too, are memories of the past.

And the early struggles and privations of our people are almost forgotten—their growing children demanded freer action, purer air, better homes. The trend of population was toward the northwestern part of our city, all around Lapham park. And so with the tide "we and our neighbors" have drifted onward together.

And we are more than satisfied that so many, old and young, about these parts, fully appreciated that "cleanliness was next to Godliness," since they made such strenuous efforts to observe its ideals. And we realize that what we were offering in the way of bathing facilities was, after all, only a makeshift.

We opened up our baths because there was great need for them—we carried them on as best we could for ten years—and on the whole, the venture was a great success. But we could not afford and neither did we desire, to run a natorium in opposition to the city. There were plenty of other things for us to do. We felt it was high time that the authorities were made to realize their obligations in this direction, to set aside a sufficient sum of money in their budget to establish and maintain sanitary, up-to-date baths in this neighborhood, as a necessary adjunct to our modern civilization. And in 1909, when the city bought what is now called Lapham park, and expected to use it as a neighborhood center, and equip it with gymnasiums, shower baths, swimming pools and the like, we felt that our dreams were soon to be realized.

But heavy bodies move slowly; four full years have since gone by! And—well, spring is coming, and when the weather will permit, ground will be broken and the long-promised baths—that will come to stay—are already beckoning to us, bidding us, once more, to be patient and to wait a little longer.

(To be Continued.)

# INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST

“DEMOSTHENES”--  
“MONTEFIORE”

DEBATE  
ORATIONS  
AND  
DECLAMATIONS

AT THE  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN HOUSE

APRIL 27th, at 8:15 P. M.      ADMISSION TEN CENTS